

# The Saturday News

SIXTH YEAR, No. 30

EDMONTON, ALBERTA, SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1911

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## Jasper's Note Book

The civic situation has taken the turn that was hoped for on this page a week ago. The council has carried out its intention of dismissing Commissioners Bouillon and Butchart. Having deprived them of all actual power, it was bound to take the further step.

The day following is action, Ald. McKinley resigned as a protest and the bye-election which must be held to fill his seat will give the citizens the opportunity of expressing a definite opinion as to what they think of the way in which their affairs have been managed in recent months.

It was only by such a move that the knot could be cut. The issue will be a clear cut one and the verdict which is rendered will be of vast import to the future of the city.

That the council will be sustained there is no reason to believe. The votes on the recent by-laws indicated how profound the general feeling of dissatisfaction is. There never was a city which was more ready to spend its money on public projects provided that it had confidence in the men who would be entrusted with the outlay. But whatever the prospects, there is no question in the mind of this paper as to what the result should be. The attitude of the majority of the council has throughout the struggle which has now come to a head been unreasonable, unbusiness-like and unjust. If the methods which it has followed are approved of, it will set back the clock for the city many years.

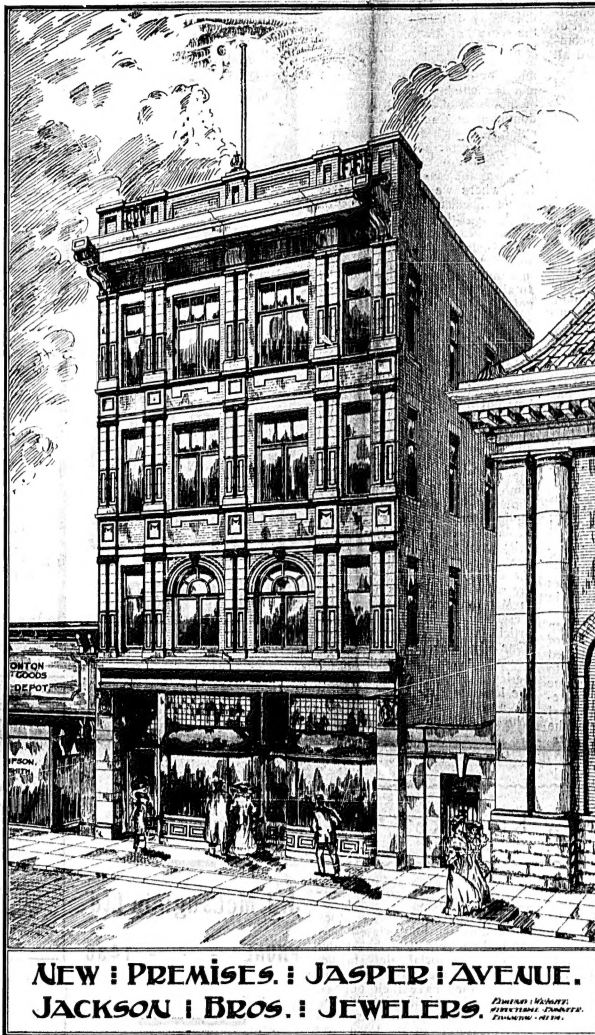
Ald. McKinley and Ald. Hyndman have performed a trying public duty in a manner to win all praise. It is understood that the former for private reasons is anxious to have someone else stand for the seat which he has vacated. If this is the case, it is to be hoped that Mr. McKinley's absence from the council will only be temporary. We have need of men of the good stuff that he has shown himself to be.

The bylaw to provide an additional sum for hospital purposes received but a small majority, though this is an object which usually makes a very successful appeal. On the other hand, the paving bylaw was turned down. The general dissatisfaction, coupled with the fact that it was submitted in direct opposition to Mr. Butchart's recommendations, was undoubtedly responsible for this. The council may think that now it has disposed of the recalcitrant commissioners it is free to do as it pleases. But what progress can it expect to make if all the measures which it submits are promptly turned down? Besides, have the mayor and aldermen considered what they are going to do in the face of a decisive victory for the forces in opposition to them at the bye-election rendered necessary by Ald. McKinley's resignation? Would they continue in their posts despite a verdict against them? What they should now make up their minds to do is to take up the glove that has been thrown down, fight the matter out to a finish, and abide by the result. If they are defeated, it will clearly be their duty to resign in a tidy. In any case, we should have the clearing of the air for which all of us have been so devoutly wishing.

Mr. C. Lionel Gibbs is following up with admirable effect the articles which he published in this paper on the subject of city planning. The council has gone on record as favoring the establishment of a parks commissioner and Mr. Gibbs is endeavoring to have its scope widened so that it can take up all questions of civic improvement. It is proposed to hold a conference to which different public bodies in the two cities and the provincial government will send delegates. At this the whole problem will be discussed and the best means of accomplishing the objects in view considered.

Such a gathering will undoubtedly mark a new era in the history of Edmonton. Public sentiment has, it is clear, been sufficiently aroused at last to assure the passing of the old conditions of slothful neglect, so out of keeping with the high hopes that are expressed as to what the future holds for us.

Citizens are under no small obligation to Mr. John Walter for what he has done in the way of affording cheap river trips during the summer months. Those who have never enjoyed one of these have no conception of how delightful the surroundings of Edmonton are and what an asset the Saskatchewan is bound to be as time goes on. Dur-



Ground was recently broken for this block. A reference to the enterprise appears on page five.

ing the past week it has been announced that Mr. Walter is extending his enterprise, having purchased Big Island, some eighteen miles up the river, which he proposes to turn into a pleasure resort. It has great possibilities in this connection and an occasional outing there in the hot weather would prove a genuine boon to many thousands who cannot take a holiday away from home and would lead many who can do so to the conclusion that for real summer pleasures it is not necessary to leave Edmonton. When one considers the discomforts that are to be experienced elsewhere, it is surprising as it is that so many wish to go elsewhere.

Last Saturday afternoon between five and six hundred people visited Big Island to be present at the picnic of the Commercial Travelers. The afternoon was a glorious one and one would have to travel a long distance to see a happier crowd. The excursion was a revelation in more ways than one. Not only did it open the eyes of those who participated to the beauties of the up-river trip but it gave them a better idea of the commercial growth of the city. When so many commercial men have their homes here, it must mean that Edmonton is fast developing into a trade centre of first-rate importance.

When civic improvement schemes are discussed, it is inevitable that regret should be expressed that provision was not made in the early days for a drive-

way along the river front. Fortunately Strathcona has a splendid one in Saskatchewan Avenue which is doing not a little to enhance the attractiveness of the south side from a residential standpoint.

But something may be accomplished even yet in Edmonton. When the high level bridge is completed, it is not likely that the E. P. and P. line up the hill will be operated. Why should not the grade be widened and converted into a driveway? This could be done without a large outlay and would be the means of adding greatly to the dignity and beauty of the city. The project is one that the new civic planning or parks commission, or whatever it is decided to call the body, should keep in view.

In the early stage of its existence The Saturday News went to some trouble at different times to define its journalistic ideals. It proclaimed itself an independent journal of comment. But because it was in the habit of expressing its opinions on public questions and supported such parties as it believed advanced those opinions, its claim to the title which it gave itself was often disputed. Sometimes it was a journal of one party and sometimes one of the other which cast the slur but it was soon found that it was so much time and effort wasted to answer them. The only thing to do was to go one's way in accordance with the ideas underlying the enterprise and let the paper's record speak for itself.

And there is not lacking evidence after an existence of nearly six years that with those who are able to view public questions, not wholly blinded by partisan prejudice, the sincerity of this page is recognized. In its last issue for instance, The Toronto Weekly Sun, the absolute freedom of which from party control is perhaps more freely recognized than is the case with any other journal, probably because of the long connection with it of Goldwin Smith, had occasion to refer to The Saturday News as "one of the most thoroughly independent papers in all Canada." Testimony from this source is worth prizing.

Pressure on space this week makes it necessary to hold over a review of a most valuable publication for which Mr. Bramley-Moore, the member for Lloydminster in the Alberta Legislature is responsible. It is entitled "Canada and Her Colonies, or Home Rule for Alberta," and presents in most readable fashion the arguments in favor of the transfer to the province of the right to administer its public domain. The author brought the subject up in the House last session and has made a thorough study of it. He treats it in a dispassionate manner, quite free from party prejudice and anyone who wishes to have a clearer understanding of the political problems of this and the other western members of Confederation should not fail to read the volume. It bears the imprint of the well known London publishing house of W. Stewart and Co., but is being distributed locally by the Capital Printing and Publishing Co. at a dollar per copy.

In the Old Land considerable attention is being given to a subject which has been dealt with from time to time on this page, the improper use which the medical profession has on certain occasions made of the privileges conferred upon it by the state. Three doctors who were employed by the widely advertised Health Institute conducted by Eugene Sandow had their names removed from the medical register for "infamous conduct in a professional respect." Sandow himself does not discharge any of the functions of a doctor, but employed these men to supplement his work. Their names did not appear in his advertisements but their connection with him was sufficient to get them into trouble.

The circumstances of the case are well presented in one of those bits of topical verse for which London Truth is famous, entitled "The Depth of Infamy." It runs thus:-

The Council met, in conclave set--  
Custodes medicorum--  
And lo! to see were villains three,  
Who stood arraigned before 'em.

The Council heard, to horror stirred  
By conduct so infernal;  
So, out of hand, the three they brand  
With "infamy" eternal.

Their deed of shame I blush to name--  
In etiquette's defence,  
Those bold, bad men (dont faint, my pen!)  
Had doctored Sandow's clients.

The charge was true. What else to do?  
Such sternness not surprises.  
Those three, they say, took Sandow's pay--  
And Sandow advertises!

You urge it's rough; "they didn't puff  
Themselves, did no such mean thing."  
Fool! pooh! quite fair. Defiled they were  
By contact with the unclean thing.

No vice, no guile is half so vile!  
Far better thief or strumpet  
Than medico who dares to blow  
His own audacious trumpet.

From some small bird, 'tis true, I've heard  
(But Gossip cuts strange capers.)  
Of quite big men, who now and then  
Are log-rolled in the papers.

When Countess Z. is brought to bed;  
Reporting her condition,  
The Times and Mail don't always fail  
To mention her physician.

Sir Dixon Peat from Harley Street  
Migrates, his house he lets there.  
The Post takes care that fact to air--  
I wonder how it gets there!

In brief, they're bound all round and round  
In Pharisaic trammels;  
They merely deign at gaols to strain,  
But swallow full-sized canals.

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## When a Manitoba Speaker Was Tarred and Feathered

"I remember," said Major W. G. Bell, "the winter of '72 and '73 particularly. First let me say that in those days amusements were few and far between. The population of Winnipeg, consisting as it did for the greater part of the young and energetic men coming mostly from Ontario, had all the respect and regard for the law that the old province had taught them, and upheld the law in every action. But when it came to fun, a matter of pure fun, in a legitimate way, any opportunity would be eagerly seized upon. Possibly one of the greatest recreations of those days were the indignation meetings. Grievances were plentiful as blackberries in a patch, so there was always a just cause for some person anxious to hear himself talk to hold the centre of the platform. A barrel and a plank with the grievance at hand and an orator anxious and willing was all that was necessary to constitute an indignation meeting. The crowd would swarm like bees to a hive. We used to have on an average two indignation meetings a week. In the winter of '73 we had a very great grievance. The bill for the incorporation of the city of Winnipeg had been carefully prepared, and under more or less pressure, passed the legislature only to be vetoed by the speaker of the house, Dr. Bird. Before all other grievances this one shone out as the greatest. Every citizen in town attended that indignation meeting. Resolutions condemning the action of the speaker were passed and arrangements through committees were made for the bill passed in spite of Dr. Bird's veto.

"This veto matter struck deep into the hearts of the citizens of Winnipeg. Committees talked loud and long on the best way to deal with the matter when one frosty morning, during the excitement, we learned the news that last night Dr. Bird, the speaker of the legislature, and the man who ve-

toed the bill of incorporation of the city of Winnipeg, had been tarred and feathered. When some hard headed individual balks the honorable plans of a responsible body of men and outrages the sense of the community, it might be expected in a border town of a western country that he might be either lynched or tarred and feathered. But the speaker of the house of a legislature in the dominion of Canada seemed immune from such an onslaught, no matter how far he might be from the centre of civilization. But such was the case. In Winnipeg, too, where we prided on ourselves on our obedience to the letter of the law. Briefly, the story is: A few hotheads, perhaps more reckless and with less regard for what was just and right, got together and by an alleged call to attend a patient got Dr. Bird from his house, which was where the recent fire occurred on the corner of Water and Main streets, in the middle of the night. About where the Royal Alexandra now stands was a very lonely bit of ground, and as he went by on a call to attend a patient as he supposed, his cutter was stopped and he was seized and a coat of tar and feathers applied to him. It speaks well for the community of that day that almost without exception they showed their indignation at this mode of procedure to get redress. Rewards were offered, but the culprits were never brought to justice. But as years rolled on, little the story leaked out, and there are some staid citizens now living in Manitoba and out through the west, who, should they read this article, will smile the smile of "One who knows."

"Winnipeg is unique in the experience of having a speaker of the legislature tarred and feathered, and I have no doubt the men who did it planned it as a lark."

—Winnipeg Telegram.

## The New Klondike

In the Windsor for April Trumbull White describes the Klondike yesterday and to-day. He tells how the first rush reached its highest gold-producing activity in 1900, when over twenty-two million dollars worth of gold, was the yield. Now the Yukon Gold Company, which invested twenty million dollars before an ounce of gold was taken from the gravel, is scientifically developing the gold mines. From a wild chase for wealth the population has settled down to more regular methods.

The City of Dawson has crystallized with the passing of the decade. A territorial governor and legislative council for the Yukon, an official residence and official society, a Government building of offices for administration and legislation, electric lighting, waterworks, free schools, modern churches, hospitals, a Carnegie library, stone and brick and cement buildings, good hotels, the Zero Club, the Arctic Brotherhood, and the various fraternal orders—very settled and civilized all sounds, and so it is.

No longer do the people of the Klondike talk only of gold. They show one the wealth in other natural resources—forests, furs, agriculture, coal and copper, and the charm of the summer climate and the unique pleasures of the long winter in a northern capital. They point with proper pride to the city they have built, clean, sanitary, comfortable, law-abiding, social, and safe.

Extraordinary measures are taken to prevent the spread of fire among so many wooden houses in the long winter—

During the winter season all water pumped into the city mains passes through a great steam heater, the temperature being raised to forty degrees above freezing at its farthest point of delivery, with circulation constantly maintained. Around every hydrant is fitted an electric heater, with the

result that frozen hydrants are quite unknown.

And if you wonder how they can endure the long winter, they can make it very clear that winter is the time of social gaiety, far beyond that of the busy summer. In summer they have their outings, their picnics, their wild flowers, their white dresses, and the ordinary pleasures of any town anywhere. But in winter—then the snow-shoeing, the skis, the coasting, the dog sleds, the dances, the real sport of the year. With houses properly built and heated, and themselves properly fed and clad, the temperature of sixty degrees below zero has no terrors for them.

### A STRANGER'S OPINION

That the amount of one's expenditure has little to do with happiness is cleverly suggested by this little story from the Boston Transcript. An American, who was entertaining a distinguished Englishman, was showing his visitor round Newport.

"You observe," remarked the host, "that when we Americans devote ourselves to pleasure, we do so regardless of expense."

"I hardly put it that way," responded the witty foreigner. "Rather, we devote ourselves to expense regardless of pleasure."

### AN UNFORTUNATE

"And you think this has become me?" asked the customer. "Yes, I do madam," replied the milliner. But it's very plain."

"Yes, it just suits your face, madam!"—Yonkers Statesman.

### ONE BETTER

Marks—"I married my wife a month after she accepted me." Parks—"That's nothing. I married mine three days after she refused me."—Boston Transcript.



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308 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG, MAN.



## Dory At The Circus

(William Grant, in the Spectator, London.)

We took her to a circus. Sitting there Voted the entertainment pretty fair

With half-yawns; but our Dory, being four, Breathed fast, had bright eyes fixed as if some deer Flew open from last Eden straight upon

The canvas-gloomed arena. One by one Her picture elephants, alive now, Huge, grey, beloved miraculous and tame;

Her eager hands locked, cheeks delight made red, Rose-mouth shut silent, spirit-quick good head

Dancing with curls and curled hat-plume she drew Love's smile from strangers. She saw camels, too, Gaunt, sullen, desert shapes that knelt when bid

With generations-old slave look. Sweets hid In the small even, harsh and strange but good

Of beasts; anon in hurried multitude Ran horses, pushing heads, all side by side.

How many?—dozens?—I understood, beneath the stride Of one great-voiced, red-vested kingly man,

Who cracked his whip as wonder-cracked can. Like storm he fled. A woman entered. She

Stood on a piebald's back. With bended knee, Eye-darts, kissed finger-tips and mimic smile,

Did her bowed, weary utmost to beguile The glance; she had been young once, and perhaps

Handsome, who knows?—with calls and loud hand-claps Approved by dandy shop-lads. Long gone by

That fimsy time of sirens. Her eye Was bold but lustreless. A dull dead white

With gay vermilion hid her wrinkles. Tight, A silver-branded soiled hard jacket closed

The body's bulk in. Lavishly disclosed, Her brawny limbs in short thin skirts, which flew

Round them and from them, and took the unwilling view. 'A piteous spectacle! I'm almost sorry,

I am indeed now, that I brought my Dorry.' Her mother said it, then looked quickly down

At the child's face. There still pure joy was shown. She cried (through hoops) your form (begins to whirr);

'Oh, see her! See the darling little girl! Dear Innocence, how sweetly fell your word!

I wish the jaded mountebank had heard.

After an animated discussion over the luncheon table, the Boy has finally departed for the Circus.

The Man at the head of the table had a great deal to say about it being a soaker of a day, and the same old Circus that the Boy had seen time over and again, and the danger of contagion from Scarlet Fever, and a dozen other perfectly good reasons why he should stay at home, that it looked pretty dark for Boy's prospects of being there at one time.

But a look at his face decided me into championing his cause. Rain is as yet only an adventure to this long-legged son of mine. It has no power to depress him.

If it soaks him to the skin, all the better.

It isn't Boy who has to worry about colds and changes of clothes, and the where-withal to buy multitudinous outfits. Such are the prerogatives of Age and Responsibility.

Neither does "the same old Circus" description for one moment dampen his ardor. Circuses are never the same. Each newcomer unlocks a different gate, to the wistful eyes of Trusting Childhood, into that enchanted enclosure where the most wonderful things in all the world may happen, and whose tenants are clowns and faeries, and strange animals, and whose presiding genius is known as Imagination.

The Man who now lives under another ruler called Responsibility, often forgets how it felt like to want to go to circuses, and get a drenching, etc., etc. And having lost the membership ticket that admitted him to the Enclosure really behaves in a most illogical manner when he comes to dealing with boy. Indeed, so far am I myself from those long-ago days—when I too held a ticket—that I often grouch and worry until the Boy has to reason with me and assure me that "there's nothing to be a-scare'd of" at all, at all.

Mothers are more understanding persons than Fathers, as a rule, which is the reason, I suppose, why boys always have a certain little corner of their heart fenced off and reserved for them.

At dinner I expect to hear of all the wonderful adventures "he" had, while viewing the menagerie, and watching the performance. Wish I was with him, instead of writing away at a woman's page. I don't see that I have gained anything by growing up, except feeling dumpy over a rainy day. And if I thought that the Man at the Gate would let me in as a friend of Boy's and show me the performance as he will see it, I'd hit the trail for the Big Tent, this very minute, and give the attraction the best free boost that any Circus has ever had in these parts.

I did go to see "The Man of Mystery" and hear Mr. Johnson in his "Travelogues" at the Empire, last week.

I like the Empire, as Mr. Russel runs it. And the general run of shows this season has been away above the average. I liked Mr. Willard's work too—that is when he left hypnotism alone. But Madame O—'s clairvoyant gifts didn't impress me a little bit, while Mr. Johnson's grammatical lapses did, very much.

I am afraid that the lecturer's journeyings in the South Sea Islands had not the effect of improving his English. This is rather a mistake. One particular sentence I recollect will illustrate what I mean.

Mr. Johnson was describing the low order of intelligence that obtains among a certain cannibalistic tribe, when he remarked: "I never seen such a lack of intelligence any place. It was awful. I never seen such a thing." Further on he referred to several instances when "we was going," and "we done" certain things.

A "Travelogue," I gather, is intended to instruct. "Travelogues" on the same principle, should, before setting out on such vast journeyings with a course of lectures in prospect, first master their mother tongue.

I cannot see anything more reprehensible in a cannibal murdering his little missionary, than I do in Mr. Johnson on a public platform murdering the King's English.

Madame O—'s South Sea Island songs, at which I struck me as a bit of color, I don't mind a conglomeration of Bowery Hog-

Latin, but oh you little South Sea Island ditties!

Madame's lapse into an hypnotic slumber was graceful in the extreme. Meanwhile the fish-net receptacles went the rounds of the audience, and caught—oh such shoals of little fish. Such myriads of little fish! All with but a single thought—marriage.

Of course you didn't know what all the billets were about, until Madame O—, having sunk into "a deep, deep sleep—a pleasant sleep—" till some one was to wake and call her early—" began to do a little contortion act, and then to the sweetly purr—

"Someone who signs the initials 'E.L.P.' would like to know if he will ever marry the girl he is engaged to at the present time?" "No, Edward, you never will!"—So pat the answer, so profound the conclusion, one immediately surrenders.

Madame must be a clairvoyant. "A young—lady—whose Christian name is Lucy, wonders if Archie means business."

"No, Lucy."

Another marker over for Madame O., Genius and Mind-Reader. "Will the man I am to marry have dark or fair hair?" "A none." "He will have black hair fringed with white."

"Wonderful," murmurs a sweet ingenu near me. "Isn't she perfectly sweet?"

This is clairvoyance. But I like it. It shows me what the great mass of the public are interested in, and saves me from doing what a woman once accused me of, writing "deep" stuff.

If someone will oblige me with an expurgated report of the meetings of the Edmonton City Council, I shall be obliged to them. A verbatim account is too thrilling—and demoralizing. What a mayor! What a picture-cue mayor!

Gladstone was a wood-chopper by preference in his idle moments. Our Mayor also friskily takes to the hobby of "knocking blocks off." "Knocking d—d blocks off," to be accurate.

An Alderman next counters with another highly-colored phrase followed by a Commissioner who is growing cynical.

In the meantime one turns on the tap in the kitchen and queries "how do you like yours, with a head on it, or just straight mud?"

What one doesn't know, one hopes does not bother one. But what one learns of, when little boys talk out of school—Well! one is human you see.

In little villages in Ontario if Deacon Brown walks down the high street with a new straw hat on, the entire business community closes shop, to talk the situation over. Out in this bustling new West, we have no time to devote to Deacon Brown's hat, or the leisure to properly appreciate a City Council that imagines itself a Clown's Gallery.

We prefer a little straight business—and a few results, and if these obnoxious bad, sassy boys can't get down to it—"Off with their heads."

Just where does the Post Office department draw the line between town and country in Edmonton?

On 8th St. we had always two mail deliveries a day.

Here on 16th St. there is but one. It can't be a question of population either, as the houses out this far as quite as close together, and there is just as important a constituency to serve.

Where is the imaginary line drawn?

In the East-end the Postman makes a second round daily. Why not in the West end?

These, and kindred inconveniences, seem trifling affairs to those who don't have to put up with them, but by the time you have paid double tolls on conveyances and put up for a year with a village postal delivery, you begin to see the point.

Will the protest accomplish anything? Probably not.

They are too busy down in Ottawa squabbling, to pay any attention to such little matters as decent postal deliveries, etc. But should think that those who are responsible for boosting West End real estate in Edmonton, would see that a special price for land included at least the common conveniences.

(Continued on page 6)



## THIS MULE IS KICKING ABOUT THE WEATHER

Our patrons are not, if they don't like getting wet or muddy they simply phone us and get a fancy closed cab to get to the office, store or opera.

'Come one, come all, We supply at your call.'

## Horner's Livery

Cor. 1st and Clara  
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Birthday presents are always acceptable.

Why not have a Photograph taken in the best style at the

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'Mothers Bread' cannot be beat.

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Fancy Patent Flour  
Handled by all grocers and Flour dealers. Every sack guaranteed

## Campbell &amp; Ottewill



## The Investor

A. Proctor Burwash writes in The Financial Post of Canada as follows on Alberta farm lands as an investment:

In discussing western farm lands from the investment standpoint, there are three conditions that must be given place in reaching reliable conclusions.

The supply, the demand, and the utility value.

I might further state in the premises, that my observations are confined to Alberta.

Until within the last year there have existed large, but ever decreasing, areas of unoccupied lands in the southern half of Alberta. For the sake of convenience we will call the southern half from the North Saskatchewan River, or about Edmonton, to the international boundary. With the closing of last year there were no large unsettled areas left in this portion of the country. There is, of course, a certain amount of filling in of the less desirable land to be done yet, but as available lands this is not a large or important factor.

In regard to the northern half of the Province there is a steady increase in the amount of brush and timber as one goes north. In terms of money this means a cost of from five dollars to twenty dollars per acre to bring it under cultivation above the outlay required for that purpose in the more open country to the south. The brush extends on a decreasing scale as far south as Olds on the C. & E. Ry., and generally speaking some fifty miles East of that Railway. There is an exception to the above in the matter of certain prairie, or partially open areas, in the Peace River district, but these are so far removed from the present settlement, the south half of the Province, as not to be any more of a factor in values than sav. New Ontario is to Old Ontario. It may then be safely asserted that free land is a past consideration in Alberta land values.

There are two large sources of supply. Land companies, such as the C.P.R. or The Hudson's Bay and the professional homesteader. The latter belongs to a class which follows every opening of new lands where pre-emption or homestead privilege exist. They are generally speaking, professional discontents—the first into a country, and the first out. The price of Company lands invariably keeps pace with the general advances; the professional homesteader's price just enough to it to secure a ready sale; this last factor is practically a thing of the past.

The country has demonstrated itself beyond a doubt, and is consequently attracting the more stable class, who also are forming the principal class of buyers. So again, we are on safe ground in saying that only the remnants of the condition which tended to keep the price of land down remain. Like other of our great natural resources, we realize that there is an end to the supply.

As I have mentioned above, there is a large class of buyers being attracted at present by the fact that the stability of the country is established. The farms are sufficiently improved to allow the farmer a living; the roads are built that he may get to market with a fair degree of ease. There is a competitive market established in all lines of farm produce, and, last, in the past three years the country has been literally cut up with new railways, many of which, it is true, are not yet completed. None of these things were true during the first few years of settlement, and farming consequently offered a very precarious livelihood, but with the new order, farming is established as a substantial business, and is rapidly drawing a large buying class. This will explain the general advance in prices which has taken place during the past three years. There is, I believe, no district in this southern portion of the Province where the advance in three years has not been from 50 to 75 per cent. This is apart from the abnormal advances which have taken place near large centres, and in certain of the wheat areas where a few good crops in sections which heretofore were considered "dry" have caused very rapid and remarkable advances.

This confidence, as will be readily seen, rests on the intrinsic worth of the country as does also any further advance in value. The ordinary value of various Alberta field crops is from twelve to twenty dollars per acre; the cost of operation is about seven dollars, giving, on conservative estimates, from five to thirteen dollars above cost of production, including farmers' wages.

The general standard of farm values through the Western States or Manitoba appears to be three to five times the value of the field crop produced. A considerable amount of this value is dependent on improvements. Alberta lands generally are selling from twelve to twenty-five dollars per acre. The conditions that tend toward permanent values are rapidly strengthening, while those which would affect values adversely are disappearing. It is quite within the range of probability that values should double during the coming five years.

Toronto Saturday Night says: "Expla" it as one may, the fact remains that there is no precedent in Canada for the performance of Sir Max. We have scores of men of ability who throughout a long life have striven nobly and successfully for what is termed their country, possibly without any expectation or wish for the title which they never got—or only got with their gray hairs. We have others who through years performed deeds good and bad with their eyes glued on a title, and only grasped it in their old age. Beside these, Aitken's career reads like a tale from Munchausen. As a boy he goes to school, without any particular distinction. He takes no gold medals or scholarships that I ever heard of, and it is likely that he is as bad and as lazy and devilish as most other headstrong boys. At twenty, like scores of others, he is making a living any old way, only he displays a little more hard nerve, it may be, than his fellows. A little later he is accumulating some wealth and displaying rather unusual ability, for a youth, in the way of organizing the financial end of different concerns. Twenty-five finds him still in the bread line, but getting a good appetite for a change of diet. Then he begins, and in five years is counted a millionaire. He goes to England, and in a month or so, the cable announces he is going to contest a seat for the British House of Commons. He wins and takes a seat. Almost before the congratulations are all in, Coronation honors are announced, and W. M. Aitken, M. P., still a young man of thirty-two, receives a Knight Bachelorhood. Seven years is but a few days to look back upon; yet in seven years he passes out of the Canadian bread line, becomes a millionaire, a British member of Parliament, and a knight. I call that "going some," and leave it to you to ponder over admire or curse, according to your disposition."

The descriptive terms "mounts" and "heights" and "views" are frequently set forth in Pickwickian sense by subdivision and towns site artists. Not long ago a possible purchase of property in a Moose Jaw subdivision—dubbed somebody's "heights"—took the trouble to go and see. (Advised invitations so to do, are not usually intended to be accepted.) He stated the other day to Canadian Finance that the heights were largely hollows. Not a few purchasers of prairie "mountain" lots are likely to find themselves possessed of holes in the ground in both a figurative and literal sense.

Back in February last (when the spring flood if subdivision and towns site advertising in the daily papers was just beginning) Canadian Finance began publishing editorials opposed to pig-in-the-poke selling of Western near-real estate to stay-at-home devotees of the most rudimentary idea of what they were getting—or getting in. At times this journal seemed almost a lone voice amid a wilderness of Saturday real estate supplements. And, however widely a financial journal may circulate, the class of alert business men who chiefly constitute its readers

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The PROGRESSIVE SHOE REPAIR Co.

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are not those most likely to get bitten. Still, instances have come to hand of money directly saved through warnings heeded. One reader stated some time ago:—"I was on the point of buying four \$39 Mount Royal lots—two each for my two daughters. But after reading Canadian Finance I have thought better of it." Since which, the aforesaid subdivision has come in for sufficient unpaid publicity in the columns of a weekly contemporary to further convince this reader that discretion was the better than his first unthinking valor.

It is some encouragement to note a gradually swelling chorus of journalistic comment upon the subdivision and towns site craze—thought, he said, the dailies in the larger centres East and West show small sign of applying the pruning-knife to their advertising pages in this regard. Financial journals and other publications that attempt sane discrimination have, from all accounts, been getting bouquets of contracts thrown at them in unstinted fashion during the past month or two. For the most part, as in the case of Canadian Finance, they have been declined with thanks. Not that all such offerings to the buying public are objectionable—but it's not always easy to pick out the wheat from the chaff.

Some months ago, reference was made in these columns to what seemed a flagrant trading up on the name of the Grand Trunk Pacific on the part of various towns site companies. There was instanced a flamboyant printed folder of the Grand Pacific Land Co., Ltd., which had upon its front cover the words "Grand Trunk Pacific" so displayed as to give it the appearance of an official publication of the railroad itself. This particular book was quickly "called in", it being understood that the G.T.P. spoke with no uncertain sound as to the featuring of its name.

There are those who think that the worst fate likely to happen the bitten purchaser is a long wait. Perhaps. Back in the eighties an Eastern business man bought three subdivision lots outside a thriving prairie town that bid fair to take on metropolitan proportions. The other day the executors of his estate accepted ten dollars so that an ambitious farmer might obtain cancellation of the plan and have free and undisputed sway over his prairie demesne. And this in the vicinity of a town of now over 7,000 inhabitants—which, if it has not lived up to all early promises, is a much bigger place than some new west-end towns now much boomied, are ever likely to be. That the evanescence should come—Canadian Finance.

### LARGE GAS WORKS FOR CITY

The closing of a contract with the International Heating and Lighting Co., for the building and operating of a modern gas plant in Edmonton will mean the expenditure of upwards of \$500,000 in buildings and distribution system within the city, as well as the addition to the city's utilities of a most important public improvement.

Some six months have been occupied by the Commissioners and Council in drafting the agreement which is being placed before the ratepayers for their approval on August fourteenth, and it is generally admitted that the terms of the contract are very advantageous to the city. The maximum price at which gas can be sold at the beginning of the company's operations is \$1.48 per thousand cubic feet and this price is reduced as the business is developed until the very low figure of 75 cents per thousand cubic feet is reached. The interests of the city are said to be carefully safeguarded throughout the agreement.

advl.

# C.H.I.C.

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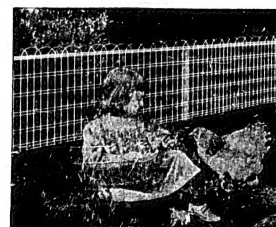
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Hardisty, Alta.

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**3 NIGHTS 3 Commencing JULY 24**

H. E. Pierce & Co. present the Great American Play

# **"In Wyoming"**

A comedy-drama of Western Ranch life in four acts. Complete Scenic Production. Large and capable cast with

**FRANK G. PATTON**

in his original character

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Prices, reserved \$1.00, 75c., 50c., Gallery 25c.

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Choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Agents for Calgary Beer, Macle's White Horse Whiskey, Stanley Mineral Waters and Dry Ginger Ale

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# **IN THE ATHLETIC WORLD**



Many sincere efforts have been made to put lacrosse on a better basis, but most of them have failed. The state of the game has been arousing much interest in Alberta of late and the answers which the Calgary Herald has been receiving from pure leaders in the Canadian athletic world in reply to a question as to what they think of the situation, are of decided interest. Mr. H.J.P. Good, than whom there is no more highly respected or experienced sporting authority in Ontario, writes:

"As original suggester and one of the founders of both the Canadian Lacrosse association and the Toronto Lacrosse league, you ask my opinion as to what can best be done to revive interest in our so-called national game. I say "so-called" because there is at least one game that attracts a deal more attention, is more frequently played and enjoys a greater measure of popularity. It is hardly necessary to say that I refer to baseball. The latter is a most excellent game in itself, both to watch and to play, but wherein it excels lacrosse I have yet to discover. Lacrosse is a more active game, and a more picturesque, if not a more scientific game. Properly played it brings out all those faculties that best become a man. It develops both his mind and his body. It quickens the perception, it ripens the judgment and as a sport it cannot be excelled. Why, then, has it deteriorated in popular favor? Stay, has it deteriorated? Has not the other sport made greater progress and do not as many people as ever turn out to see a first-class lacrosse match? I am rather inclined to think they do, but the other game has forced more rapidly ahead and as a consequence we draw the conclusion that lacrosse has declined. That being the case it is not a question of restoration to popular favour but of increase in that same favor in order to keep pace with the game espoused and appropriated by the foreigner. Now that professionalism has claimed lacrosse for its own, we can never expect a return to the following that in a peculiar and particular manner it formerly enjoyed. Then it was a game played in the pure spirit of sport by the foremost youths and young men of the country. Now its principal exponents are of a different class altogether and are in the game for just what there is in it.

Thus it must stand on its merits, being no longer able to depend on the patriotic sympathy it once evoked and enjoyed. How best its popularity can be best enhanced in the circumstances it is extremely difficult to say. One way apparently is to keep the game clean, to prohibit and suppress rowdiness, either of act or word, and to encourage the players to conduct themselves as gentlemen. Another is for the public schools, colleges and higher educational institutions to give it recognition as a national game and accord it a standing as such. In this way the rising generation will become attached to lacrosse, and it is in the favor of the young only that the game can flourish and enjoy prosperity. In short, I can see no other method by which the game can be fostered, although, possibly, a paid organizer might do some good. Failing adoption of the cause by school managers and teachers, and organizing efforts by the officers and members of existing leagues and unions, I cannot, therefore, see how the game can attain to greater popularity. There is one thing in considering the subject that it is well to bear in mind, namely that these things go in cycles. Today it is rowing, bicycling or association football that most fills the public mind. Tomorrow it is baseball, lacrosse, hockey, or Rugby football. Another time it will be something else. Take for instance, the best we can do is to think and strive for the game's good ourselves, to accord it our active sympathy and support, and to encourage the young."

The defeat of Vancouver at the hands of New Westminster by nine goals to two, thus tying the score on the series, puts a new complexion on the lacrosse situation at the Coast. Despite the rowdiness which some of the Min-to-cup holders displayed and which prejudiced their cause, well-wishers of the game hope for their success, for there is nothing which needs to be discouraged more than the system of going out and buying a ready-made team as Vancouver has done.

A good game of cricket was played on Saturday last, the Edmonton club defeating Mr. Beeby's eleven, the winners scoring 133 for 3 wickets and the losers 77.

Lovell and Turton got double figures for Mr. Beeby's side, with 27 and 13 respectively. For the regulars Weaver 54, not out, Grant 53, and Hardisty 29, not out, played sterling cricket.

Each year brings out an unusual of cricket talent in the city, and serves to show how the game could flourish here if a wider scope for it could be obtained.

# **HOME AND SOCIETY**

(Continued from page 8)

Mr. and Mrs. D. R. Haines are another pair of honey-mooners who arrived in town on Friday.

Mrs. Norman Fraser of Banff arrives this Friday evening for a two weeks' visit to Mrs. de Lotbiniere Harwood.

Mrs. G. W. Swalsland and children arrived on Sunday from a fortnight's stay at Gull Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Kirkpatrick and Mr. and Mrs. de Bois Thibaudau spent the week end at Wabamun.

The marriage of Miss Edna M. Nickerson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Nickerson, of Halifax, Nova Scotia, and Frank N. Johnson, of the firm of Johnson and Hubbs, Jewelers, of this city, (formerly of Halifax, N. S.), was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Moore, 4197 Twenty-fourth Street, Edmonton, on Wednesday, July 12th, 1911, at one o'clock. The officiating clergyman was Rev. J. E. Hughson, pastor of McDougall Methodist Church, who formerly held several ministerial charges in Halifax. The ceremony was very quiet, only the immediate friends of the principals being present. Both the bride and groom were unattended. After the ceremony a wedding lunch was served after which Mr. and Mrs. Johnson left on the C.P.R. from Strathcona for Banff, where they will spend their honeymoon.

# **JACKSON BROS. NEW PREMISES**

This handsome structure is now well under way. The work of excavation is complete and the concrete basement in the new building will be one that is typical of the advance of Edmonton into the class of cities of metropolitan importance and a comparison of this new edifice with the old quarters of the firm at the corner of Queen's and Jasper brings home to one the solid and sure advance of one of the best known businesses of Edmonton.

This is the oldest jewelry firm in the city, having been founded in 1886 by E. Raymer, and passed after 20 years into the hands of Jackson Brothers, who have since 1906 continued to build up a strong connection extending over a very wide territory. Farmers and business men from many miles distant bring in their watches to be "fixed" and to buy the trinkets they give to their women-folk on festive occasions. The city business done is very extensive also and the firm have attained an enviable reputation for thoroughness in the work they undertake, either in repairs or manufacture. Their work is as varied as that of the fabled treasure stores of the bold buccaneers; diamonds, rubies and emeralds glitter from the show cases; bronzes, statuettes, marble, silver, gold and other ornaments all add their quota to the general air of great wealth and the latest ideas are typified in the electric clocks which never require winding from one year's end to the other. For those who have a habit of forgetting to wind their clocks on a Saturday night these inventions are a boon indeed. Put them into their place and start them going; electricity does the rest and one need not bother with them again for many months.

There are three brothers in the firm and a considerable staff of assistants is required to keep pace with the work which comes in from far and near.

In the new building the work rooms will extend from 60 feet at the rear of the show rooms with special lighting arrangements for each bench. Alongside this work room is a packing room and a store room. At the front is the show room, itself measuring 30 feet by 60 feet, fitted with bowed glass windows and with the latest ideas for the tasteful display of the rich stock.

Above the ground floor rises three more stories which will be devoted to office and rooms. These will be accessible from a side entrance by means of a staircase and an elevator.

The exterior is of pressed brick with stone columns carrying ornamental capitals, all the stone work being done in Edmonton, and the whole will add greatly to the dignity of Edmonton's main business thoroughfare. The building is to be ready for occupation in the early part of October. The architecture does Mr. Edmund Wright, of First Street, great credit, whilst the actual construction is entrusted to the well known contractors, Pheasay and Batson.

**REDUCED FARES**

To  
**Dominion Exposition**  
July 31 to August 12, 1911  
From all Stations  
on the  
**CANADIAN NORTHERN RY**  
Tickets on sale July 28—  
August 10. Return limit  
August 16, 1911.  
Full information from  
**JOS. MADILL,**  
City Passenger and Ticket  
Agent, C.N. Ry.  
115 Jasper Ave., East,  
Phone 1712  
Edmonton, Alta.

**THE MAJORITY**  
of ladies in Edmonton Don't Repair their shoes. Why—because they have never been able to wear them after. That day is past now. Our lady's work is turned out so verily as smart as when new.

**The PROGRESSIVE SHOE REPAIR CO.**  
Cor. 6th & Jasper Phone 4482

# **LEMONADE**

12 glasses for 15c. Made from Dalton's Concentrated Lemonade.

We also carry a full line of Huntley and Palmer's fancy biscuits which make a delicate lunch.

**WALKER & LEWIN**  
1065 Third St.  
Corner of Vermilion & 3rd.  
Phone 4153

**BANISH THAT HEADACHE!**  
Act more quickly than tablets, pills or waters  
If your dealer does not keep them we will mail you a box (18 pills) on receipt of 25c.  
J. L. Mattison Co., Preps, Sherbrooke

**MATTHEWS' NERVE POWDERS**  
For Headache and Neuralgia  
Cures all kinds of Nerve Pain  
Sore Throat, Stomach Ache, Indigestion, etc.  
Price 25c. per box. Sold everywhere.

# **The Price is Right**

We have just bought a nice lot of cured hams, something really delicious and just what you are looking for, now that the weather is getting warm and the price of beef is so high.  
Choice Ham (whole or half) 25c  
Choice Breakfast Bacon (whole) 25c  
Fresh or Pickled Pork Chops... 7c  
Prime Fresh made Sausages,  
2 lbs. for ..... 25c

**Adams Meat Co.**  
245 WHITE AVE., STRATHCONA, ALTA.  
268 NARVAO AVE., EDMONTON,  
Phone 1419

# **IF YOU ADVERTISE**

You need the 1911 Edition of the Canadian Newspaper Directory

According to the 1911 Edition of the Canadian Newspaper Directory, just out, Canada and Newfoundland can boast of 136 daily papers, 1,101 weekly or semi-weekly, 255 monthly or semi-monthly, and 23 published less frequently.

These figures can be relied on, as the Canadian Newspaper Directory is published by the oldest and largest Advertising Agency in the Dominion, A. McKim, Limited, of Montreal and Toronto. This is the Seventh Edition of their Directory, which fills a very real need in Canada, and deserves a place on the desk of every business man, whether he is an advertiser or not. In addition to listing and describing Canadian periodicals, the Directory supplies a comprehensive gazetteer giving the population, the chief industries, the railway, telegraph, bank facilities, and other interesting features of every newspaper city, town and village in Canada.

The book contains over 475 pages. It is splendidly bound and is certainly a credit alike to the publishers and to Canadian newspapers generally. A. McKim, Limited, are particularly well qualified to edit and publish this, the standard book of reference on Canadian publications. They are the pioneers in the Advertising Agency field in the Dominion, the McKim Agency having been founded in Montreal in January, 1889, twenty-two years ago, by Mr. Anson McKim, who is still at the head of the business.

During all this time they have been the acknowledged leaders in this line in Canada, and the Agency business has been developed from a very small beginning—then performing only the functions of the middle-man—to a very large producing enterprise which runs into millions.

Years ago McKim recognized that one of the requisites for successful advertising is a thorough knowledge of advertising mediums, and they began the publication of the Canadian Newspaper Directory, which is now recognized a site most complete and accurate work of the kind published. The price, express or postage prepaid, is \$2.00.

If you were choosing a gift of cut glass, silver ware, or jewelry, your fine sense of the proprieties of giving would hardly permit you (for any reason) to make your choice from an old or shabby stock.

No. You would want your gift beyond criticism and the recipient would the more appreciate your forethought in this matter if it arrived in a pretty box with our name and seal.

**ASH BROS.**  
The House of Newness,  
111 Jasper Ave. West,  
Edmonton Alta.

## Music and Drama

In delivering judgment in the Earl Grey dramatic competition, the judge, Mr. Hector Charlesworth expressed this opinion of "The Tyranny of Tears", which won for the Edmonton Amateur Dramatic Club the championship trophy.

This production was an all round success both from a popular and intellectual standpoint and coming from a town so far away as Edmonton whose opportunities for studying the best models are almost non-existent, it came as a genuine surprise. The play itself is one of the clearest and cleanest given to English speaking stage within the memory of the present generation and is especially suitable for presentation by an amateur club with limited resources because of the smallness of the cast required and the simplicity of its costume and scenic requirements.

One of the purposes of these competitions is to stimulate the production of the best English comedy in those towns where opportunities of seeing good professional entertainments are scarce. In cutting the play some of the scenes between Parbury and his wife, which explain the relations which exist between them, were omitted, but the cutting was judiciously done and the interest was finely sustained to the very drop of the curtain. The most serious defect noted in the production was a lack of attention to small details. For instance at the breakfast table scene the newspaper produced instead of being an English publication was a Winnipeg one. A visit to a newspaper office or bookstall would have remedied this and it is because such a defect is easily remediable and due to carelessness that one has dwelt upon it. The defect was not so serious as to mar the general interest of the production, however. One of the ladies who played the wife of Parbury seemed uncertain of her lines and business. The writer was informed that she had taken the part at the last moment as a substitute, but he cannot take this fact into consideration in the marking. The acting of A. E. Nash in the role of Parbury was up to the best professional standards. It possessed imagination, refinement and nervous force. He put the atmosphere of intellectual distinction about the part—a fact few actors are able to accomplish. The writer thought it his duty to satisfy himself that Mr. Nash was not a professional and has received satisfactory assurances to the contrary. Of rare skill also was Mrs. A. B. Watt who played the role of the amanuensis, Miss Woodward. Her acting was intellectual and imaginative, especially in the scene where the girl breaks into tears. It was only after very careful consideration and because the demands of the part are not so severe as those in some of the other pieces seen during the week that it was decided to award the Margaret Anglin bracelet elsewhere. The acting of Mr. S. R. Farquharson in the role of Col. Armitage was breezy, correct in bearing and admirable in make-up as well. M. H. L. Williams was also excellent as the butler, a type of role which is usually badly done. Mr. A. Reynolds was hardly mature enough for the part of the family friend, Gunning, but spoke his lines with point. It was one of the chief merits of the production that the characters seemed to be seized of the delicate shades of wit which pervade this delightful comedy, and were, for the most part, able to express them.

Mr. C. H. Wheeler in his reminiscences of musical Winnipeg has this to say in the last issue of Winnipeg Town Topics—

"Miss Jean Forsyth was for many years a highly esteemed soprano residing in Winnipeg, enjoying deserved success as a concert and church choir singer. She was an excellent teacher too, and quite an efficient accompanist. Miss Forsyth now makes the progressive city of Edmonton her home."

Music-lovers and others are welcoming back to Edmonton Dr.

A. C. Harwood, who with Mrs. Harwood has returned after a year's absence in Montreal.

According to the London Era, the following notice is exhibited in the vestibule of a popular Parisian theatre: "These members of the audience who desire songs or dances to be repeated are respectfully requested to give in their names to the box office clerk. On the conclusion of the performance those who have thus given in their names can, on paying for fresh seats, have the encore they desire."

"This sounds perfectly sound and sensible," says The Pelican, also of London. "There is no reason in this world why audiences who have paid to see a show should have portions of it provided twice over for them. If you pay for brandy and soda at any place in London or elsewhere, and explain when you have drunk it that you think it is so good you would like to have another, the popular belief is that you will have to pay for your second drink. And quite right too."

In the current Monthly Paper of St. Anne's, Soho, the clergy congratulate their flock that the offerings at the Passion music services were this year singularly free from buttons, counterfeit coins, tokens, debased foreign coins, and other miscellaneous items, but regret to record that many people who had the best seats in the church passed the plate as if it were an infectious object. No where, as many secular journals have pointed out, can such a sublime Passion may be heard to such advantage as in the church which was the first in England to produce it. Yet we suppose if people wished to hear it in a concert hall they would not think of paying less than a shilling. But the collections at St. Anne's seem more satisfactory than in a South-east church, where the offertory recently contained a peppermint sweet wrapped up in paper, on which was written, "Please give to the old chap with the bad cough."—Westminster Gazette.

A change has been made in the National Anthem. In these days, when the main thought throughout the civilized world is peace, one of the old verses of the anthem is said to have struck the King as sounding a somewhat discordant note. It runs:

'O Lord our God arise,  
Scatter Thine enemies,  
And make them fall;  
Confound their politics;  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On Him our hopes we fix,  
O Save us all.'

That verse has now been replaced by the following, written by Dean Hole, and breathing a more peaceful spirit:

'O Lord our God arise,  
Scatter Thine enemies,  
Make them to cease;  
Keep us from plague and death,  
Turn Thou our woes to mirth,  
And over all the earth;  
Let there be peace.'

This alteration has been specially sanctioned by the King, and is therefore of national importance, seeing that it is now likely to be universally followed.

The fact that George Tyler, of the Liebler company, says a London letter is arranging to produce a dramatized version of Robert Hichens' "The Garden of Allah," at the Millionaire theatre, New York, indicates how rapidly the habit of converting novels into plays is growing.

This is the first of Robert Hichens' novels to be dramatized. Inasmuch as they revolve from a popular play are far in excess of the financial returns from a successful novel, it is not surprising that English novelists, known and unknown, should be thinking more and more of the theatre as a mean of bringing grist to the mill.

Amongst modern English authors, J. M. Barrie was really the first to discover the golden value of a novel in a dramatic version. Those who ought to know, says

that "The Little Minister," for instance, has yielded its author two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. As for "Peter Pan," founded on Barrie's fairy tale, "The Little White Bird," it is a veritable bonanza. There are those who whisper the word 'luck' when Barrie's successors are mentioned, mostly disappointed scribblers, who, because they can't climb, declare that the way up the slopes of Parnassus is by airship. But personality and hard work are the ingredients that took Brainy Barrie to his almost supreme position, combined with an adroit exploitation of sentiment.

A recent revival of "The Prisoner of Zenda," founded on Anthony Hope's first successful novel and the gallant run of "Count Hamlyn," by Stanley Weyman, are reminders of the excellent dramatic material provided by writers of good historical romance. The "Count of Luxembourg," founded on a recent novel by an unknown author, is another proof of the first-grade ore this field provides when well worked.

Notable achievements are also to be credited to W. J. Locke, the stage version of whose novel, "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne," made quite a hit, and also to the Baroness Orczy, part author of "The Scarlet Pimpernel," one of the big dramatic draws of the past few years.

Inspired by the long run of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," Jerome K. Jerome turned up his shirt sleeves again to write another play that would still remove from the public mind the memory of an early indiscretion entitled "Three Men in a Boat."

This new dramatic work, "The Master of Mrs. Chivers," was recently staged at a West End theatre, and somehow missed fire. Jerome says the dramatic critics entirely failed to understand the play, and so missed the public. The author-playwright is not unaturally hurt and disappointed.

"I venture to say," he declares, "that had the play been produced as a work of a Scandinavian playwright, it would have been received with the respect which foreign dramas somehow always seem able to command."

Because of the way his play was misunderstood by the powerful hordes who sit in judgment on London's new pieces, Jerome tried to make it known that his aim was to put the suffrage movement on the stage, and to show in practice how it might affect men and women in their personal relationship.

But playgoers out for amusement and not instruction preferred "The Chocolate Soldier."

### ACHIEVEMENT OF A PROFESSOR

A marvel of scientific research, says our Berlin correspondent, has been accomplished by Professor Young, who has been investigating the interior conditions of ant-hills. By dint of patient observation, Professor Young discovered that an ant-hill two feet in height was inhabited by 93,780 ants. Other ant-hills of almost the same size were found to contain 67,500 3,000 and 48,000 ants respectively. These observations and the counting of the tiny insects occupied two years.—London Evening Standard.

Who's the gainer?

### MIRROR

(Continued from page 3)

#### Gathered Roses

As one through some beloved garden strays  
For the last time, and, lingering, stays to break  
A blossom here and there for old joy's sake,  
So I go back through our lost yesterday  
And cull my fragrant memories—your praise  
And pride in me, the songs we used to make,  
The happy name you gave me. Oh, I take  
So little ere I face the untold ways!  
How will it be, dear, when I look on these  
My gathered roses in the years to be?  
Shall I behold love's garden all a-blow  
As once we knew it, or, as one who sees  
That place he loved deserted, utterly  
Given to emptiness and snow?

The papers have given a good deal of prominence to, and King George has conferred medals upon, the two Boy Scouts, described as heroes, who rounded up a man named Kelly, who shot Chief Bell at Red Deer, not long since. Now it is just a question in my mind if either the King or the newspapers are well-advised in the matter.

Supposing instead of Kelly's being captured, and considering the desperate fix he was in, would not have been remarkable, he had turned and killed these two lads who assisted in rounding him up. What would the parents and papers have had to say about it then?

It seems to me the lads are over young for police duty, and that the Scout Master had no right to expose their lives under the circumstances.

The idea that man-hunting is an heroic pastime, does not appeal to me as logical, nor a particularly good one to hold up to young "B. S.'s." Like a great many other words the term "hero" is becoming cheapened, but there are enough of the real article floating around the country, to keep the King busy, without seeking out amateur detectives.

Peggy

### AERONAUTS HELD RESPONSIBLE

(Springfield Republican)  
Connecticut has an airship law which provides that "every aeronaut shall be responsible for all damages suffered in this State by any person or persons from injuries caused by any voyage in an airship directed by such aeronaut; and if he be the agent or employee of another, in making such a voyage, his principal or employer shall be likewise responsible for the same." Aeronauts, or aviators, must be registered and have a certificate of capacity in order to fly in Connecticut over land or water not owned or leased by them.

## Our Sweet Peas and Roses

Will be sure to give you much delight.  
They are blooming in great profusion

ROSES \$1.50 per doz.  
Sweet Peas \$1.00 per doz.

## RAMSAY'S GREENHOUSES

Corner of Victoria Ave & 11 St.

Phone 1292

## FAST DAILY LIMITED

to the  
CANADIAN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION  
WINNIPEG

July 12th to July 22nd, 1911

Return Fare **\$17.15**

Correspondingly low fares from all stations.

TICKETS ON SALE FROM

Monday, July 10th, to Friday, July 21st.

Going limit, July 21st; Return, July 25th.

Further particulars and reservations from,

City Passenger Agent  
153 JASPER AVE. EAST,  
EDMONTON, ALTA.

PHONE 4057

## WHEN IN DOUBT try

## National Blend Coffee

FRESHLY ROASTED GROUND DAILY  
15 Blends to choose from

## The National Blend Tea Co.

PHONE 2753 COR. FRASER & HEIMINCK

## THE CONNELLY-MCKINLEY CO., LTD.

Funeral Directors and Embalmers  
Private Chapel and Ambulance

126 Rice Street Phone 1523



## Your Vacation

Will be full of Fun and Good Times if you Take a KODAK with you. It Records all the Pretty Spots and the Many Friends You Meet.

Prices Range From \$1 Up

Call and let us show you our stock and how easy it is to operate a Kodak

For Fresh Supplies Buy Here

## Geo. H. Graydon

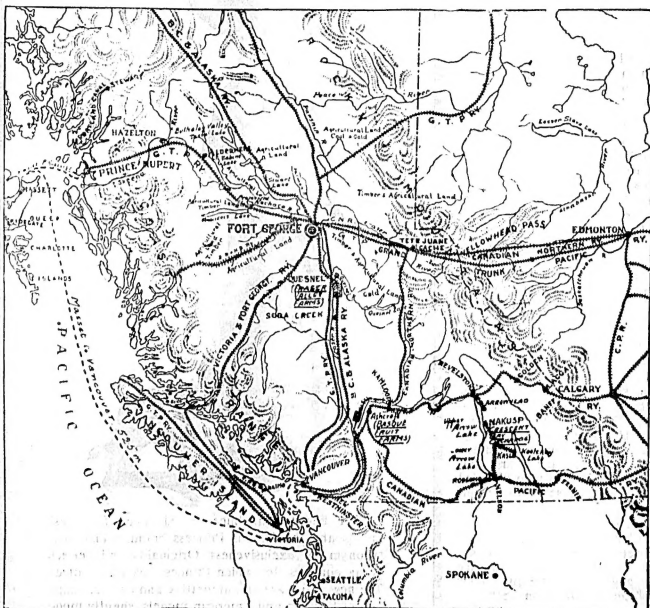
The King Edward Pharmacy

260 Jasper E.



# FORT GEORGE

## The Investor's Friend



If you have a little money to invest, now is your time to buy a lot in Fort George, when you can get in on the ground floor, and get a good lot for \$250. Lots that we were selling last fall for \$250, are today worth from \$1000 to \$1200 each in this new city. That is quick increase. You cannot find a city or town in Western Canada today that has a brighter future than what Fort George has got, being located at the junction of the Great Waterways, the Fraser and Nechaco Rivers.

Every railway building through Central B. C., is compelled to go to Fort George, owing to the topography of the country, and therefore Fort George will be a railway centre for at least 6 or 8 railroads, besides having millions of acres of good agricultural land and timber enough to supply the province for centuries, also rich in minerals, and the grand opportunities that are offered by the Government over 200,000 acres of good land tributary to Fort George, has now been thrown open for pre-emption, where men can get hold of 160 acres of good land free.

Call and see us, now is your time for investment. Do not wait until prices are beyond reach for the average investor. . .

### Fort George & Fraser Valley Land Company Limited

HEAD OFFICE, 790 FIRST STREET, EDMONTON, ALTA.

BRANCH OFFICE, 332 EIGHTH AVENUE EAST, CALGARY, ALTA.

BRANCH OFFICE, CENTRAL AVENUE, FORT GEORGE, B. C.

LIST YOUR PROPERTY WITH REAL ESTATE DEALERS WHO ADVERTISE IN THE SATURDAY NEWS

## Special Bargains

**A Cheap Buy for a Quick Sale**  
N. E. 1/4, Sec. 21, T. 52, R. 25, W. 4th—70 acres in crop at valuation or optional. 50x30 Barn, good log House and buildings. Easy terms.

**Best Acreage Buy Near City**  
8 1-2 acres in Brooklyn (2 blocks), fenced, streets on three sides, two acres under crop (potatoes). Price for quick sale \$3000 crop at valuation.  
**Roselyn Snag**  
One Acre facing Namayo

**Avenue, Shack, fence and well.** For quick sale . . . . . \$1350  
A good Quarter Section only 4 miles west of City Limits, per acre . . . . . \$52  
Terms arranged.  
**THE BEST BUY IN NORWOOD**—Lot 1, Block 71, Fox St. \$900 will

**purchase this lot. Call and see us.**  
**GOOD BUY IN BROOKLYN**—Fenced 1/2 section on three sides, under crop, 1 1/2 acres, very cheap, must sell, small cash payment will handle.  
**A GOOD QUARTER SECTION**—Section 18, T. 53, R. 25, west of 4th, only \$85.00 per acre. Terms to suit purchaser.

## Balmy Beach

is one of the finest spots situate on Cooking Lake, which offers its owners all the advantages of an immense sea beach, with added touches of natural beauty that impart a feeling of rest and comfort.

SOLE AGENTS

THE LOTS are 50x150 ft., and ready for immediate occupation. Prices and terms being very reasonable. **LOTS RANGE FROM \$75 to \$125**  
One-third cash, balance 1 & 2 Years

**Arthur Bloomer**  
115 asper W. Phone 4321



Some weeks ago I had something to say in praise of the efforts of the street railway superintendent to encourage amateur sport. Iy instructing his motormen to look up the side streets to see if anybody was running for a car and thus give the prospective passenger a chance to show how fast he could do a hundred yards in, it was expected that he would be the means of bringing out several Olympic champions. His ideas are not working out just as they should, however. The motormen have tired of being mere spectators of the day's racing. Their sporting blood having been stirred, they have started in to make some speed trials themselves. The other afternoon, as I walked from Fifteenth Street to Ninth, hoping to be overtaken by a car, no less than five raced by me in a westerly direction. There was no looking to left or right at the corners. One could almost imagine from the set faces of the drivers that a Vanderbilt Cup contest was in progress. I supposed that the system followed was the same as with boat racing on rivers that are too narrow for one crew to pass another. One boat starts a trifle ahead of another and the latter tries to have its bow touch the other's stern. Some day there may be, however, three or four cars piled up in a heap somewhere along the route. Judges of the course ought to be appointed to enforce definite rules. Also it might be well to let the public know just when the racing is to take place, so that the non-sporting population, which merely wanted to ride down town may govern itself accordingly.

How much our street car system helps to keep life in these parts out of a rut. Last week I was over in Strathcona. On our return trip, when we came to the siding at the top of the hill, the motorman and conductor had an argument as to whether they should go on to the siding at the Brewery or wait where they were. It was a quarrel to twelve on Saturday and several of the crowded carload of passengers were anxious to reach Jasper Avenue before the banks closed. As they shuffled around in their seats, the men in charge went over the pros and cons. Bill Bailey started out from the bars at such a time. Therefore he should be some where else now. So the conductor argued. But then the motorman recollected that something else might have happened to Bill to throw him off his programme.

The polemical honours seemed to be about even at the end of ten minutes. But no car in the meanwhile had shown itself coming up the hill. So it was decided to make a break for it. While those on board held their breaths and the people sitting in the front seats retired to the rear in case the argument might be continued on a sharp curve with a southbound car as a party to it, there was a swift descent to the abyss. At the south end of the bridge a halt was made, the oncoming car blocking the way. The four officials got out on the road and another gabfest started. In company with about half of my fellow travellers, I hurried across the bridge and up the steps. How long it took to come to a decision I have not heard.

The people who were in the Orange excursion accident last week came out of it mightily fortunately. For the benefit of any who may be similarly situated at a future date, some advice which a gentleman named Danby gives is a recent number of the Strand is worth noting: "For safety in a train," he writes, "take a centre carriage and the right-hand seat; in case of a coming collision, throw yourself either into the rack or under a seat; if you leap, jump, as far as possible, horizontally." Picture the agility with which your average friend could perform these operations. Besides there is usually such ample warning that a collision is coming!

Calgary is the most unfortunate city imaginable when it comes to taking a Dominion census. Everyone enters into a conspiracy to keep it from getting a fair shake. The men who were appointed to make the count this time, though all Californians, were a set of hopeless incompetents who have entered into a plot to keep the city from being given credit for its wonderful growth. This, at least, is the burden of a despatch to the Winnipeg Telegram. It was the same way five years ago. After the awful warning then given, one would have thought that something would have been done in the interval to assure fairness. Does the government absolutely refuse to appoint honest men to do its work in the southern city?

The Toronto World heads an editorial article "Have we enough money?" This is ample proof of how serious the effects of the recent hot spell in Ontario has been. Think of a newspaper man asking that question!

Father, in the hall, had been standing for half an hour, while Millicent and Harold bid each other goodnight in the doorway. "Parting," quotes Harold, "is such sweet sorrow that I could say goodnight till—"

At this speech father gets a Shakespearean inspiration of his own and tramps down the stairs. "Seems to me," he asserts, "that there is too much adieu about nothing here."

Mrs. Carlton—"While I am away, do you think you can cook your own breakfast in the morning?"

Mr. Carlton—"It won't be necessary; I'll just get a late supper before I come home in the morning."

"Well, well," he exclaimed, as he tackled her first meat pie, "Where did you get this?"

"I made that out of Mrs. Snorler's cookery book," replied the young wife. "It's a—"

"Ah," broke in the husband, "this leathery part is the binding. I suppose?"

**Two Souls**  
Before we met the world was but A gloomy place, devoid of pleasure; I travelled in a mindless rut, With no dear memories to treasure.

Before you came I never knew That all the world was filled with beauty; My lightest tasks were hard to do, I found no sweet reward in duty.

Before I gazed upon your face, And heard you gently, softly sighing, The world to me was but a place

Where joy was dead and glory dying.

Before your eyes looked into mine, Before your hand in mine was taken, My Soul—the spark that is divine— Had ne'er been summoned to awaken.

Before we met, all that is good, All that is fair from me was hidden Oh, sweetest flower of womanhood—

SHE  
Leggo my hand, an' quit your kiddin'.

Oh, he preached it from the house-tops, and he whispered it by stealth;

He wrote whole miles of stuff against the awful curse of wealth.

He shouted for the poor man, and he "ran" the rich man down.

And also every King and Queen who dared to wear a crown. He hallooed for rebellion, and he said he'd head a band

To exterminate the millionaires, to sweep them from the land.

He yelled against monopolies, took shots at every trust, And he swore he'd be an anarchist, to grind them in the dust.

He stormed, he fumed, and ranted, till he made the rich man wince; But—an uncle left him money, and he hasn't shouted since. —Tit-Bits

A detachment of British soldiers was about to attack a tribe of rebel Indian tribesmen, who awaited them, drawn up in battle order. A seasoned old sergeant noticed a young soldier fresh from home visibly affected by the nearness of the coming fight. His face was pale, his teeth chattered and his knees tried hard to knock each other out. It was sheer nervousness, but the sergeant thought it was downright funk.

"Callaghan," he whispered, "is it trimblin' ye are for yer own dirty skin?"

"N-no, sergent," replied Callaghan, making a brave attempt to still his trembling limbs. "O'im trimblin' for the innimy. They don't know Callaghan's here."

**Wrong Number**  
Speedy (phoning from farmhouse to garage)—"I guess you will have to come and get me. I've turned turtle."

Voice—"This is a garage; you want the aquarium."

**One On The Judge**  
One of London's judges is said to have had an experience in a Turkish bath the other day that the law courts are still laughing over. He tried the bath for the first time, and the rubber's violence astonished him.

The judge, prone on the wet slab, was beaten and thumped and pinched and prodded by the rubber beyond all reason. He stood it as long as he could. Then he groaned and said:

"It is (thump, bang) quite necessary (whack, bash, slap) to make me black and blue (crash) all over!"

"Never you mind," said the rubber, hauling off and giving the judge a terrific left-hander in the ribs. "I know my business," (Thud.)

"Where are you?" asked the judge. "You face (bang) looks (crash) familiar."

"Oh, you remember me, do you?" growled the rubber. "Well, blast yer buttons, mebbe you won't be so ready next time to give me eight months for prize fightin'."

"He used to be a straight enough young chap. What made him get crooked?"

"Trying to make both ends meet, I believe.—Toledo Blade.

**The Oaken Bucket Today**  
The old oaken bucket, The iron-covered bucket, The moss-covered bucket, Don't hang in the well. The doctors discussed it, Heath officers cursed it, And threw the germ-cruised Old bucket to—well— At any rate, the old song's dead, We use a sanitary cup instead. —Toledo News-Bee.

# JACKSON BROS.



## Pre-Removal Sale

The oldest established Jewelry Firm in Edmonton, being about to move into their own block, on Jasper Ave., are reducing the stock as much as possible to avoid the expense of moving and probable breakages in handling.

## Genuine Opportunity

There are few in Edmonton who do not know this firm as thoroughly reliable in every way, and it would be the height of folly to attempt any imposition on the public, as well as being absolutely opposed to the firm's established methods of doing business. Therefore the reductions on all the stock will be genuine, and the

## Bargains Many

**Example 1—Ladies' Blouse Sets From 25c**

There are some extremely good values in this collection and the choice is very great. Especially note a lovely set with brilliant set in hard enamel, a life-like representation of violets. Again there are smaller sets of amethysts in heart shape and many others too numerous to mention.

**Example 2—Coffee Spoons at \$1.95**

Sterling value in a high class line. Six to the set in a neat box. Good pattern, A1 quality.

# JACKSON BROS.

Jewelers and Silversmiths

Cor. Queen's and Jasper E.

## Home and Society

Social news this week is made up for the most part of the comings and goings of summer holidayers.

On Monday morning Mrs. C. W. Cross left for Victoria, where she will spend the next two or three months with her children, at the Oak Bay Hotel.

On Sunday Mrs. Bower Campbell and Miss Nora Campbell, returned from an extended and delightful stay in the Coast cities.

On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Mowat Biggar left for Lake Simcoe in the Orillia district, where they will remain for two months.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mowat returned a week ago from a long, and most enjoyable stay in the East.

Mrs. Pardee and her little family arrived last week-end from a fortnight, spent at Gull Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. Emery and their two boys left on Wednesday, to spend the summer in their cottage at Gull Lake.

Mrs. Jack Anderson is home from a delightful visit to the Coast, and expects her mother, Mrs. Oliver, to arrive this Friday, to remain with her for a week or more.

Mrs. Ambrose Dickens left on Tuesday to spend a week at Cooking Lake, the guest of Mrs. Joseph Morris.

I had a card one day this week from Mrs. Secord in Paris, and Mrs. Sydney Woods in London, both reporting charming experiences abroad.

Mrs. Duncan Smith, her guest, Miss Worthington, and her two children, left for their summer camp at Gull Lake, at mid-week.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ford have taken a house on Hardisty Ave., and are now nicely settled in their new home.

Mr. and Mrs. Magoon are among the Edmonton Colony at Wabamun, the guest of his sister, they have built a charming bungalow.

Mr. Ross Palmer spent last week-end at Seba Beach, Lake Wabamun, the guest of his sister, Mrs. Robert Kennith.

Miss Helen Montgomery was the bright young hostess of a merry girl's tea-party on Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Dick Scoble is expecting her sister, Miss Amy Calhoun, of Winnipeg, about the middle of August for a month's visit.

Mrs. Griesbach returned last week from the Coast, where she has been visiting Mr. Griesbach's parents, Major and Mrs. Griesbach.

Mr. Beverley Robinson, of Toronto, who spent last week in town, went on to Vancouver on Monday.

Mr. Robinson was the producer of the play "Candida," that carried off the Earl Grey Dramatic Trophy in Montreal two years ago.

Dr. A. C. and Mrs. Harwood, who left Edmonton a year ago to make their home in Montreal, have returned to town. Dr. Harwood's experience is a common one:

"Once you've heard the West calling, Then you won't need nothing else."

In him and his talented wife, the Capital regains two delightful musicians, of whom, indeed, we have only too few in our midst.

Miss Eleanor Taylor, Miss Phyllis Barnes and Miss Florence Walker were the hostesses of last Saturday's Golf Tea, when a jolly crowd tea-partied out on the benches under the trees, or clustered around the verandah and discussed the latest gossip. Among others I noticed were Mrs. Barnes, Mrs. Griesbach, Mrs. Simpson, Mrs.

Massie, Miss Eileen Gifford, Miss Tilly, Miss Baldwin and Miss Marjory Beck.

Miss Katherine Hughes, Edmonton, is spending a few days in this city. She is an author of considerable note and is at present engaged on the final proofs of a history of Father Lacombe, which has been accepted by a New York publishing house.—Victoria Daily Times.

Mrs. Sisley, accompanied Masterter Raymond Sifton home from his college in Calgary last week, and has been a guest at "Garrykennagh."

The Misses Murphy returned a week ago from Gull Lake, where they have been visiting Mrs. Bishop.

I see that Mr. and Mrs. Everard Cotes (Sar Jeanette Duncan) of Calcutta and Simla, India, are visiting in Toronto, and are coming West, Prince Rupert will be one of the objective points of the trip.

The gentleman who sent a letter, the other day, to the Athlone District Council, Westmeath, tendering his surrender of a cottage "because the environs are haunted by fairies," must be the first cousin of the individual who objected to flowers "because they smelt so."

Mr. and Mrs. James MacKinnon, returned from their honeymoon, early in the week, and are busily engaged in settling their cosy little bungalow on 15th St.

One of the pleasantest little affairs of last week, was the reception given by the Colonel and officers of the 101st Regiment, in the Armouries on Friday evening, to the Westward Ho Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, when they first held a promenade concert, followed by a delicious light supper and a jolly dance.

These particulars Snos of the Empire proved to be capital hosts and for gallantry Westward Ho Chapter, to a Daughter, maintain that they have no equal.

Never was more attractive reception room than the Officers' Mess, with its hosts of fragrant Sweet Peas and Carnations, its new standards occupying a conspicuous place at the end, and all about strings of gay little flags.

Here the Officers, headed by Colonel Edwards and his wife, received their guests, while out in the drill room the Regimental Band, under Capt. Walls, discoursed an inspiring and patriotic programme.

What an exquisite air is that "O Canada!"

Played by a band it moves my soul as no patriotic anthem—except perhaps the irresistible "Dixie" has ever done.

Captain Watts and his men play excellently well. And after the Band Concert there was a jolly programme in the Mess Room, when Mr. Butlerworth sang very well indeed, and these gallant soldier boys—because they are just boys at heart—all joined in shouting some of the good old choruses.

Then speeches! Speeches by the tall Colonel; speeches by Major Jamieson of Strathcona on behalf of his Regiment. Speeches by Major Fairweather of Regina; speeches by non-soldier boys, like Mr. Arthur Mowat, Mr. Turnbull and Mr. Balmer Watt. A speech by Mrs. Barnes, Regent of the Chapter, in appreciation of all the other speakers, and last, a rattling good poem on the occasion, composed and read by Capt George A. Reid.

A mutual Admiration occasion if there ever was one, with a fine supper and a dance to end and cement it all.

As a chapter, the Westward Ho Daughters were delighted to have the opportunity of personally meeting the 101st Officers, and I am quite sure if there is anything else these popular Militaries want in the way of Standards or new Armouries or any such trifles, they have only intimate the same to the Chapter.

(Continued on page 5)

## Initial Showing ...of... Ladies' Fall Coats



We beg to announce an advance of Ladies' Fall Coats, the famous Princess brand, which is a synonym for Exclusiveness, Originality and perfect fitting qualities, for which Princess coats are noted. The new styles are an authoritative and correct adaptation of Parisian and American models, slightly modified to please Canadian women.

Your inspection is cordially invited.

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